

Church Matters.

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Sunday-school prayer meeting, Sabbath, at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7.45 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 2.30 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.45. Class meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.45.

THE WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Fremont street, corner Franklin. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school, 12 M. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).—Liberty street. Rev. W. G. Farrington, D.D., Rector. Morning service 10.30 o'clock; Sunday-school at 9.30 A. M.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First mass, 8.30 A. M.; High mass, 10.30; Vespers, 3 P. M.; Sunday-school, 2.30 P. M.

BERKLEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley schoolhouse, Bloomfield Avenue, every Sunday, at 3 o'clock P. M. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATSESSING M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. Cowans, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 2.30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45. Class meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watsessing).—Rev. Daniel I. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock; evening service, 8; Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of Service, 10.30 A. M. Sunday-school, 2 P. M. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, 7.45.

REFORMED CHURCH, BROOKDALE.—Rev. J. O. Van Fleet, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9 A. M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

HOPE CHAPEL. Sunday-school every Sabbath at 3.30 P. M. Mr. John G. Brington, Superintendent.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath-school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 P. M. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7.45 o'clock. Weekly Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

FROM Cedar Grove, we learn that T. P. Day, of Brookdale, delivered a discourse on temperance, on the evening of the twelfth of this month, to a large audience. His argument that temperance was a means used by the Evil One to ruin mankind body and soul was well proved, and his thrilling illustrations kept the attention and touched the consciences of all present.

On Sunday eve, the 19th, his theme was Repentance, from Matthew iv. 17. Next Sunday eve, he is announced to preach on Baptism. The evening services in this place were begun this spring, and have been successfully carried on through the summer with large and attentive congregations. We hope to hear a good report of revival work from there ere long. The preacher and people seem to have that confidence and trust in the Master of Assemblies that gives bright hopes of coming blessings. The Sunday-school at Cedar Grove is in a most excellent condition; has not dried up this summer, but is more fresh and lively and better disciplined than ever before.

At a meeting of the managers of the Township Sunday-school Association, held on Tuesday evening of this week, it was decided to resume the meetings of the Normal class on Wednesday evening, September 26, and to hold them regularly through the winter on Wednesday evenings. The meeting of Sept. 26 will be of a social character. The first regular meeting for the study of the lesson will be on Wednesday, Oct. 3. The services of Rev. W. H. Broadhead are secured as leader, which fact ought to insure the success of the class.

WESTMINSTER CHURCH.—Rev. George Duffield, D.D., will preach to-morrow morning.

SOME of the texts used last Sabbath: Westminster Church—Ezekiel 17:22, 23; Psalm 33:5 and 14.

REV. A. E. BALLARD, State Temperance Agent, preached two able temperance sermons on Sunday last; one in the First Presbyterian Church in the morning, and one in the M. E. Church in the evening. Rev. Dr. Stubbert preached in the M. E. Church in the morning, to a large congregation.

Words to be Remembered.

The Lord always pardons freely, but expects confession; and whenever he pardons sin, he imparts a hatred to it. He that loves sin, and can live in sin, is not in a pardoned state, let him presume as he may. He that is one with Christ will certainly in some measure be like Christ. The Lord's people love the Lord's day for the Lord's sake, and spend it in the Lord's service, with a view to his glory. The believer cannot sigh without his God observing it. All things are now at work to produce your future welfare: "All things are for your sakes." Never fear man if God is on your side. Watch for the Lord's interference in trouble, and you will not watch in vain. The throne of grace is erected for grace-wanting souls.

Special Correspondence of The Bloomfield Citizen.

SCONSET. Sconset is not, as might be feared, an embodied conundrum, but the name of a little fishing village on the eastern coast of Nantucket. This island is well out at sea, being thirty miles or more off the mainland of Massachusetts, and is thus partially cut off from civilization. It is a happy separation, at least for those two or three months of the year when civilized life grows irksome. A curious story is preserved in local traditions concerning the name Nantucket. It is said that early in our colonizing period, there lived a certain man who had three daughters: Betsy, Martha, and Ann. Three islands came into the hands of these fortunate damsels; and in the amiable division which followed, Elizabeth gave the island to the eldest daughter, Martha's Vineyard to the second, and, as for the remainder of the property, Nan "tuck" it. If the tale be true, Mistress Nan came into possession of a very interesting bit of ground. The island, whose longest straight line measures something like fifteen miles, is irregular in shape, and has been compared to a horseshoe, opening toward the mainland. Its coast is largely made up of high sand bluffs, overlooking sandy beaches, though, at some points, there are ledges of rock. Much of the surface is covered by one or more varieties of vegetation, but few trees. The first settlers in Nantucket found it covered with oak forests, and the dwellers in its port can point to a chapel built by the native wood Indians, the primeval forest had been destroyed no second one arose to take its place.

In two specimens of their flora the local botanists take special pride: one, the true Scotch heather, whose favorite haunts they guard from strangers with jealous care; the other, the English ivy, which lives out of doors all the year round in this happy climate, and which twines luxuriantly over many of the porches and windows in the old seaport. Some parts of the island are under cultivation, yielding potatoes, corn, and other useful crops; but, on the whole, it is better adapted to grazing than to agriculture.

The seaport just mentioned is the famous Nantucket town, once headquarters for the whaling trade of the civilized world. But its palmy days are over; though traces of them still linger about the quiet wharves, once so full of adventurous life, the paved streets and sidewalks, and the large, comfortable mansions, dignified as the rich old sea captains, whose portly figures still seem to haunt the scene of their former grandeur. But a gradual dinginess about the town registers its slow decay.

It contains, however, abundant souvenirs of its former commerce and adventures; for its people have a pride in regard for their history and historical treasures. In the Nantucket Athenaeum are models of whaling ships, masses of whalebone, specimen whaling weapons, and curiosities brought from over seas. There we listened to an interesting lecture, by the guardian of the treasure house, upon the structure and pursuit of the sperm whale; and heard marvels of the deep beside which the dime novel (as reported by our brothers) falls into insignificance. The jaw of one of these ocean Titans, seventeen feet long, lying in all its monster length before our eyes, was a convincing argument; why should we stagger at being told that the whole whale was eighty-seven feet long, that it produced over a hundred barrels of oil, and that twenty-five of these were drawn from that convenient reservoir which this eccentric leviathan, like his eccentric brethren, carried in his head?

But enough of this. Our path lies eastward across the moors; and if you would get a good first impression of Sconset, you must journey with us. A weather-beaten old sailor, with an exaggerated nose and shrewd, bright eyes is waiting for us at the steamboat wharf in Nantucket town. He puts us into a rude wagon, whose height and inner arrangement might test the climbing powers of a mountaineer. But our wonder at the conveyance is overwhelmed, when we have passed out of the town, by a greater wonder at the road or roads. Seven sets of wheel tracks branch from one point like the fingers of a hand; but instead of diverging, they go on peaceably side by side, or occasionally intercrossing over the sandy moor. Yet they do not seem to have enroached roughly on nature's domain; for grass, blackberry vines, and even young oaks are found between a single pair. Fast riding is plainly an impossible dissipation; the horses struggle slowly on in the deepening twilight, and our driver, "the Captain," indulges in an old sailor's privilege of "stinting yards." The road is not a natural ravine, however, but stories of the road, which he has perfected through years of practice, and which he now imposes on those artless children who have begged permission to sit on the front seat. Occasionally he glances backward at the hundredth part of a wink. The seven wheel tracks, he says, are severally hired by different drivers; the payment of ten dollars a year entitles him to the monopoly of one. That stone which we figure two on it (being just two miles from Nantucket town) marks the place where two Indians were buried. That pond on the left is a *corn-pond*, and has worked wonderful cures among people afflicted with that painful predilection. Through this hollow, long ago, a whale once swam. And so on. In course of time—a very long time to our aching backs—we come out of the thick darkness into a little irregular street of a quaintly-shaped, one-story cottages, and the grand, familiar music of the surf is in our ears. Sconset at last!

The village of Sconset, to use the full name which its inhabitants do not use, is situated on the edge of a high sand bluff which overlooks a broad beach, with the open Atlantic beyond. It is stimulating to know that there is nothing but the friendly ocean between us and Spain; we can build our castles in that land of possibilities the more easily. But the first people who came here to little for Spain. They were fishermen; and what they wanted was cod and bluefish. And so, as an observant traveler has already recorded, their seaward row of cottages, with their small windows and long low roofs, ignored the magnificent seascape and faced the moors. There came to be two or three narrow streets of these cottages, built very close together, in a neighborliness which set privacy at a discount. Many years after the simple fisher-folk came to Sconset, the people of the port began to use it as a summer resort somewhat, it seems, as the Sandwich Islanders, having become civilized themselves, now patronize the farther Western Islands. So the townspeople built substantial houses for their substantial

seives. Within a very few years, however, the beautiful spot has been rediscovered; people from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, have learnt the secret of its grand scenery and soothing quiet; gay little modern cottages contrast with the weather-beaten gray of the fisher huts; "the world" is descending upon Sconset, bringing with it the purple and gold of modern decorative art. This summer of 1883 is a sort of happy interval between the old life and the new, where all harmless pranks are allowable in the child-village that is just on the point of growing up.

But the Sconset cottagers are mostly quiet guests, who find a restful enjoyment in the surf bathing, the long siestas on the beach, the botanizing and shell-hunting, the trips to Sankaty light-house or the wrecks alongshore, the sunsets and moonlight nights, and the shifting grandeur of the sea views. Some of the more enterprising spirits go shark fishing; and it becomes a common entertainment to the lotus-eaters on the beach to watch the boatsmen, from time to time, as they seek the terminus of a little narrow-gauge railway which runs from Nantucket town. The engine upon this road, high "Dionis," after one of the early inhabitants, is mentioned with affectionate solicitude as "she"; the conductor obligingly stops the train from time to time, as he sees persons in the distance who may have designs upon it.

The social customs of Sconset are decidedly unique. One of the most interesting is the evening gathering for the mail. The village has as yet no post-office, but the Captain's mail matter from Nantucket town, charging a penny for each letter, postal, and paper that he delivers, and the same for each that he takes away. By this means the members of our large party are kept in a pleasant and continual mutual indebtedness. The mail arrives both afternoon and evening; but ten o'clock at night is the time when the expectant idlers most do congregate. The Captain's cottage is low-roofed, gray, and shingled down to the ground. Just in front of it stands a life-sized wooden figure of a woman on tiptoe in an aspiring attitude, clutching a flagstaff. The painter has bestowed upon her a striking combination of rainbow hues. "Martha," as she is called, was once the figurehead of a vessel on which the Captain sailed. The lamp-light from the cottage, as it strikes across her grotesque features, and the black knot of people gathered about her pedestal, occupy our attention, when the sudden blast of a fish-horn hard by announces the arrival of the crowd. The crowd thickens; we elbow our way up to the little window, and pay our pennies as the letters are slowly passed out. It will be seen that the inhabitants of Sconset are forced to disobey the good old maxim, which sets forth the advantage of early hours.

Other quaint customs centre about the town-pump. The village is almost destitute of wells; and as a consequence one sees the youths and maidens carrying pithers to and from the resort in a manner strongly suggestive of Sir Walter Scott, not to mention Isaac and Rebekah. Moreover, all public announcements are posted on the town-pump, from the loss of a thimble to the Sunday services. But who can enumerate the fancies, notions and oddities of Sconset? If you would learn more of them, come to Boston; take the train at the Old Colony Railway Station for Woods's Hall; there you will find an obliging steamboat, which in two or three hours' time will land you in the historic port of this happy island which Nan took. Then ask for the Captain.

MARION L. PELTON.

[NOTE.—Several Bloomfielders have taken kindly to Sconset this season, and in addition to the intrinsic interest of the letter itself, we are sure that we earn the gratitude of themselves and their friends by this correspondence, of which we certainly hope to hear more from the same source in future.—EDS. CITIZEN.]

A YOUNG man of Danbury ate a piece of cake in a dark room, and a black ant fastened on his palate, and it was with great difficulty removed. The small boy with a predilection for cake should remember that the head of a bedstead cupboard for surreptitious refection. Not only an aunt, but his mother and a few other relations, may fasten to him and can only be removed after much weariness of the small boy's flesh.—*Boston Transcript.*

West Side Noon-day Meeting.

It may not be known to many of our readers who visit New York city, that for a number of years a NOON-DAY PRAYER MEETING has been held at 281 Greenwich Street near Murray. A large RED SIGN at the door renders the place easy to find. The meeting was organized Jan. 26, 1878, and has been continued every day since except on Sundays and holidays. The Meeting is not as old, nor as largely attended, nor as widely known as the Fulton Street Meeting, yet, here, as there, God is pleased to meet with and bless his waiting people. Some very marked cases of answer to prayer and of God's saving power have here been witnessed. Meetings are conducted for the most part by business men and others in the community; the exercises are quite informal, usually fresh, spiritual, and helpful, and a sweet spirit of harmony and Christian fellowship is manifested by those who attend. The singing is from Moody's Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, led with organ accompaniment, by a Miss Sarah Sharp, who is an accomplished singer and player. The Meeting is open to all, strangers being especially invited. Any of our Bloomfield people who may find it in their way to attend will receive a hearty welcome. David said (Ps. lv. 1): "Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

1883.—TEAS OF THIS YEAR'S GROWTH.—1883. No Adulterated or Poisonous Teas Sold. A fine, rich, rose flavored Java Tea, picked by the people of Oolong Tea, the very best imported; a fine drawing Congou Tea, Moynoy Young Hyson, and Imperial Teas. All warranted chemically pure. Coffees, as usual, the best. T. H. BOSCH, cor. above Centre Market and Park House.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The Mails will Close and Arrive at the Post Office in Bloomfield as follows: By way of Newark & Bloomfield Railroad. Close at 7 A. M. and 3.30 P. M. Arrive at 8.30 A. M. and 5.30 P. M. By way of New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad. Close at 8.15 A. M. and 5.00 P. M. Arrive at 9.30 A. M. and 5.30 P. M. HORACE DODD, Postmaster. Bloomfield, N. J., Feb. 12, 1883.

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has just been opened by C. F. FRITZ, on the premises known as the Woodbridge Foundry, near Ridgewood Ave., where there will be found constantly on hand, Kindling Wood, also Cord Wood, sawed or unsawed.

CLOTHES AND HITCHING POSTS. Re-sawing for Carpenters a Specialty. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. C. F. FRITZ, Bloomfield, N. J.

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LIABILITIES (4 per cent. Reserve)..... \$1,453,714 44
SURPLUS (Massachusetts Standard)..... 2,901,906 56
SURPLUS (New York Standard)..... 5,118,515 56
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